

Machine

Beangrowers

My eyes are bifocal, my hands are sub jointed
I live in the future in my pre-war apartment
And I count all my blessings, I have friends in high places
And I'm upgraded daily, all my wires without traces
 Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
 Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into
 Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
 Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine
 I collect my moments into a correspondence
 With a mightier power who just lacks my perspectives
 And who lacks my organics and who covets my defects

And I'm downloaded daily, I am part of a composite
 Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
 Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into
 Hooked into machine, hooked into machine
 Hooked into machine, I'm hooked into, hooked into machine
 Everything's provided, consummate consumer
 Part of worldly taking, apart from worldly troubles
Living in your pre-war apartment, soon to be your post-war apartment
And you live in the future and the future, it's here, it's bright, it's now

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